

BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES' CHRISTMAS DINNER: CARTOON

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,485.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914

One Halfpenny.

WE WILL FORGET THE WAR—YES, JUST FOR CHRISTMAS—
ALICE WANTS US IN WONDERLAND.



The White Rabbit (Vera Hamilton) is a herald.



Alice (Miss Ivy Sawyer) interrogates Tweedledum and Tweedledee.



The Mad Hatter (Mr. Franklyn Vernon) takes tea.



Tweedledee and Tweedledum have a joke.



The Duchess (Miss Amy Fanchette) gives orders.

This is the brief season of Christmas, and the children, who hold this festival sacred above everything on earth, are going to make it bright despite the awful clouds of war which at present darken the heavens of the world. That is why "Alice in Wonder-

land" has come to town again at the Savoy Theatre. And that is why we are all going to see her and lose our cares and anxieties in following her ever-joyful and wonderful adventures. If we see Alice we shall grow young again.

HOW THE NATION WILL SPEND CHRISTMAS.

Round of Entertainments for the Wounded in Hospitals.

THE KING'S FAMILY PARTY

Despite the war, the magic influence of Christmas will be felt to-morrow in palace and cottage and in hospital and camp.

There are many darkened homes throughout the land—the hearts of all of us ache for those who have lost dear ones—but there are hundreds of thousands of homes unclouded by sorrow.

For Royal Christmas this year will be a quiet family holiday, though for the King himself there will not be very much relaxation.

Plans may be changed at the last moment, but it is expected that there will be a fairly large family gathering at Sandringham.

All the customs established by the late King Edward for the benefit of the tenantry will be scrupulously carried out.

The distribution of beef will therefore take place in the courtyards as usual, when the weight of about six bullocks will be given away in parcels averaging half a stone.

Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra will send presents of warm clothing to the old and infirm. Special dainties from York Cottage will be sent to the invalids. Old servants and widows of servants will receive special hampers.

On Christmas morning the Royal Family will attend divine service in the pretty little ivy-clad church in the park.

Dinner will be served at York Cottage, and will take place early, so that all the members of the King's family in residence at York Cottage will be able to dine together.

All the usual old dishes will be served up, including turkey, goose, a baron of beef, venison from the royal park, cygnet from the Thames, boar's head, mince pies and a flaming plum pudding to be served by the King.

REGALING THE WOUNDED.

In London hospitals, where our wounded and sick soldiers are being nursed back to health and strength, everything will be done to make the Christmas holidays as bright as possible for Tommy.

King's College Hospital at Denmark-hill will give the wounded there a real cheery time.

Those who can go out have been invited to the dress rehearsals of the pantomimes at Drury Lane and the Lyceum, and every day during the holidays there will be concerts and entertainments.

The arrangements at other hospitals are—

THE LONDON HOSPITAL.—No special amusements, as they would interfere with the work in the wards, and at any time a detachment of wounded men might be brought in.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.—A Christmas tree for the children, and all the patients who are able to sit up will have roast beef and plum pudding for dinner, and carols will be sung in the wards by nurses and choir. On the 29th inst. a Christmas tea for patients will be held.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.—Concerts and entertainments.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.—A concert on Christmas afternoon. Visitors to wounded soldiers will be entertained by afternoon tea in the wards, and the patients will be allowed to smoke. There will be a Christmas tree and tea party for the children in the out-patient department.

Gifts of pipes, tobacco and cigarettes are still needed.

The secretary of the Royal Free Hospital in the Gray's Inn road appeals for Christmas gifts for the soldiers being healed there. Turkeys and eggs are especially needed.

ROUND OF SPORTS AND FOOTBALL.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ALDERSHOT, Dec. 23.—"Disappointed! I should think I was. Just when I was expecting of having a great time in the intervals between popping off Huns on Christmas Day, I was struck in the groin. Rotten, isn't it?"

It was one of our gallant Guardsmen who thus addressed me. He had been the leading spirit in getting up a Christmas concert for his comrades at the front in Flanders.

This gallant Guardsman's Christmas will not be spent in Flanders now. It will be passed at a hospital here. And here there will be neither a concert nor decorated wards, for the almost overwhelming amount of work imposed on the staff at the Connaught Hospital precludes the possibility of both.

But the men who have made sufficient progress in their struggle back to fighting form will enjoy real Christmas fare.

It will be a quiet Yuletide at Aldershot Camp, the greater part of the new Army having secured Christmas leave.

The soldiers left behind here will be well catered for. There will be an abundant supply of excellent Christmas fare, and on the top of that plenty of football.

On Christmas Day and Boxing Day there will be football galore. Every ground will be the scene of a game, and the whole neighbourhood will resound with the cheers of excited lookers-on.

In addition to the leather-punting there will be athletic meetings, a long cross-country race, and a strenuous obstacle race. Each day will be rounded off with a concert in hut and barrack room.

P. J. W.

ROYAL CARD FOR TOMMY

Christmas Greeting from the King and Queen to Every Man at Front.

SPECIAL WISH FOR WOUNDED.

A pleasant Christmas surprise awaits our fighting heroes on land and sea.

For to-day every British sailor in home or foreign waters and every British soldier fighting at the front will receive a personal Christmas greeting from the King and Queen.

A special royal Christmas card, bearing on one side photographs of the King and Queen and on the other the message of seasonal greeting from their Majesties, has been prepared by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, the royal photographers, of Ebury-street, S.W.

The photographs of their Majesties were specially taken for this card—appropriately enough the King is in khaki uniform—and the message itself is in the King's own handwriting and autographed by both the King and Queen.

Simply composed, the royal Christmas wish runs thus:—

With our best wishes for

CHRISTMAS, 1914.

May God protect you and bring you home safe.

MARY R. GEORGE R.I.

A separate card intended for the wounded—both those in France and at home—bears this greeting:—

With our best wishes for

CHRISTMAS, 1914.

May you soon be restored to health.

MARY R. GEORGE R.I.

"In all some 700,000 of these royal Christmas cards are being distributed by royal command," says the *Daily Mirror* was told yesterday.

"They have been packed in nearly 200 cases, and the work, upon which about eighty persons have been engaged, was completed within three weeks after the special photographs were taken.

"The cards and envelopes, without the packing, weighed over eight tons.

"The first big consignment for France left during last week-end, but to-morrow (Thursday) is the earliest day on which any soldier or sailor will receive his card."

THIEVES WITH NO IDEAS.

Shoplifters Still Using the Old Tricks and Relying on Impudence.

"There are no new shoplifting tricks this year; or, at any rate, if there are, they have been cleverly concealed from us."

"The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

uses in an ancient game. The trick of the detective staff at one shop told the *Daily Mirror* that there were, of course, plenty of light-fingered men and women about, but they had been unable to detect any new

SIXPENNY LIVE "TOY."

White Mice as Christmas Present from Santa Claus to Children.

DOVES "OUT OF FASHION."

Love-birds, dogs, cats, parrots, monkeys, white mice, guinea pigs are being bought for children this Christmas.

The little ones are showing a keen desire for this kind of "live" gift from Santa Claus.

In the basement of a large drapery store yesterday there were crowds of mothers looking for the desired pets, patting the puppies, playing with the kittens and begging the monkeys to "shake hands."

White mice cuddled snugly together in a heap in their cages, wondering what was to become of them, and with their pink eyes they furtively watched the crowd pass by.

Hundreds of these have been sold at 6d. each. The *Daily Mirror* was told.

Five hundred birds of all kinds were sold in a week by one firm.

The dove—like the Nobel Peace Prize—is "out of fashion" this year. These soft grey birds that "coo" of peace may be obtained for 5s. a pair, but only a few dozen have been sold.

Guinea pigs are fairly popular, and cost 5s. a pair.

Every child is so wise in these days that they are no longer "taken in" by Santa Claus's little joke to the effect that "if you hold a guinea pig up by the tail its eyes will drop out."

NOT "CONTEMPTIBLE."

German Soldier Describes British as "Beardless Figures with Long Legs."

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 22.—The following tribute to the prowess of the British troops appears in a German soldier's letter published in the *Vorwaerts*. The writer says:—

"We have now had fourteen days' opportunity of making closer acquaintance with these 'hiringlings' and I would like to say that those people who so often speak of the 'hiringlings' should have been during the last fourteen days for just twenty-four hours in our company. Assuredly they would have a totally different opinion of those beardless figures with long legs which those at home imagine they only use for running away."

"We have learned to know that the British troops are at least equal to our own."

"Fourteen days long we have had to fight with these people for every foot of ground. Hardly did we drive them from one point when the next moment they occupied another firm position and immediately counter-attacked."

"Only when our gunners came to our assistance and thoroughly prepared the ground could we progress."—*Reuter's Special.*

TO LOOK ON DEAD CHILD'S FACE.

A pathetic request was made at Highgate Police Court yesterday by Thomas Rule, forty-eight, the soldier who left the depot of the 5th Middlesex Regiment without leave in order to visit his dying child.

He had been remanded for the arrival of an escort, which, it is now stated, had deserted.

A second escort was on the way when Rule asked to be allowed to attend the funeral of his child to-day, but the clerk said he was afraid it was impossible, as the escort was on the way to take him back.

Rule said he would be satisfied if he could look on his dead child, and it was arranged that he should go to the mortuary with a policeman.

LITTLE EXILES' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Thousands of little Belgian and French refugees will learn this year what an English Christmas Day is like.

At the Earl's Court camp and at Alexandra Palace arrangements have been made for a children's Christmas party of 400. The number will be exceeded if children who are expected from Antwerp arrive in time for Christmas.

In the hospital at Alexandra Palace there is to be a special Christmas-tree for the little sick children. At the top of the tree will stand a real Christmas fairy.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

The *Daily Mirror* was told.

STAR THAT PIERCES LONDON DARKNESS.

Gloom of War Scattered by Pantomimes' Fairy Light.

JOYS FOR CHILDREN.

The skies may be dark with the clouds of war and the fog fiend may turn the streets of London into avenues of gloom, but there is at least one light in the darkness, one star that shines in the darkest skies.

All the children in London know that star and look towards it with hope and delight and expectation, for it is the star of Christmas pantomime.

As a matter of fact, it has never shone more brilliantly over London than it is doing this year.

We are to have more pantomime in the West End of London than most of us can remember at any previous Christmas season. All fairyland has come to lighten our hearts and cheer our spirits.

JACK WANTED AT THE FRONT.

"The Sleeping Beauty" awakens once again in the stately halls of Drury Lane. Round the corner, at the cosy Aldwych, a beautiful "Cinderella" is going to lose her little glass slipper every night.

Just over the way, so near that he can say "I hope you are very well, my dear," to Cinderella, that sprightly hero of fairy romance "Aladdin" is going to give us a new world by rubbing his wonderful lamp.

Round another corner, at the Lyceum, Jack will be climbing over the wall to seek his night and afternoon from Christmas onward, killing giants with such dispatch that it's quite possible we shall send Jack to the front to kill all the Prussians and end the war quickly.

Then Alice is in Wonderland at the Savoy, and "The Cocky Bird" will soon be in full song at the Little Theatre.

All the suburbs of London have become outposts of fairyland, ruled by Dick Whittington and Sindbad and Humpty Dumpty and Red Riding Hoods.

ALADDIN'S DANCE WITH BABIES.

Several provinces of fairyland were visited yesterday by *The Daily Mirror*. Aladdin was encountered on the stage of the New National Theatre in Kingsway.

Aladdin, whose other name is Miss Claire Romaine, was wearing a very dainty coat and skirt and a charming little hat, and was dancing with a crowd of babes from the ballet of Babyland.

Miss Romaine has two songs which are going to be successes. She likes her part, and she likes her Princess, Miss Bessie Burke.

Miss Burke is just the proper age for a princess. She is twenty years old. She has been on the stage since she was four, and this is her first big chance in London.

At the Aldwych Theatre a beautiful Cinderella was seen in the person of beautiful Miss Julia James.

REAL GLASS SLIPPERS.

She is the first Cinderella in the history of stage plays to wear real glass slippers. The charming Prince here is Miss Lily Iris. As for the fairy coach-and-four, that must be seen to be believed.

At the Lyceum the Melville brothers have been concocting as many surprises for the children as there are beans on the magical beanstalk.

Jack is being played by Miss Louie Beckman, who made a success in the "Belle of New York."

At the Palladium, Miss Clarice Mayne is going to play Dick Whittington—this is a pantomime, not a pantomime—and "That" will conduct the orchestra.

If all this is not enough for fairyland lovers those who want to go to "Where the Rainbow Ends" will find that delightful place at the King's Theatre, Hammermith.

It ought to be easy to forget the war this Christmas.

FATEFUL TEN MINUTES.

Remarkable evidence was given at the inquest which was opened yesterday at Bromley (Kent) on the four victims of the shop fire—George Buckland, a greengrocer, and three of his six children.

The coroner remarked that one would hardly think that in the centre of an important town like Bromley, within a stone's-throw of the fire brigade station, a fire of this nature, with four deaths, could possibly occur.

Arthur Parker, a postman, said that from the time he blew the whistle first it was about ten minutes before the fire brigade arrived.

The coroner: What you mean to say is, that although the screening was going on for ten minutes no real attempt was made to get them out?—When an escape is within about 200 yards you would not expect to do much.

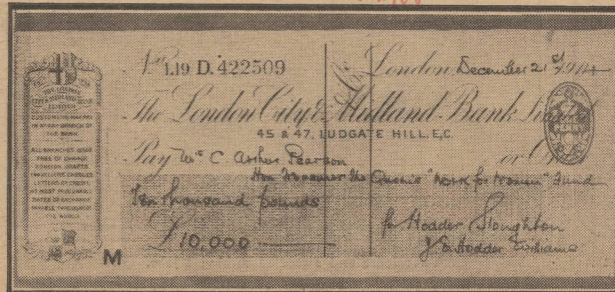
You consider that there was a undue length of time on the part of the fire brigade?—I do.

You blame the fire brigade?—I do.

The inquest was adjourned.

MOTHER'S ADDRESS WANTED.

Private E. M. Hoy, 2nd Gordon Highlanders, who is at the British Prison Camp at Munster, Westphalia, Germany, has written to his mother at "53, or 55, Tisbury-road, Shepherd's Bush, London," but Mrs. Hoy is not known there. He asks for shirts, socks and tobacco.



The Princess Mary's "Gift Book" contributes to-day a cheque for £10,000 to the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund. Here is the publisher's cheque.

THE KAISER ARRIVES IN COLOGNE TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH HIS TROOPS

Emperor "With His Entire Staff" Bound for Western Front.

AIR BOMB DROPPED ON STRASSBURG.

Huns Reported To Be Preparing for Retreat from Flanders, to New Line.

BRITISH HELP TO CAPTURE ENEMY POSITION.

The mystery of the Kaiser's journey from Berlin to pay a visit to his troops has been solved. He is in Cologne.

His destination is the western front, where he will spend Christmas and by his presence revive the drooping spirits of his troops.

With the news of the Kaiser's arrival in Cologne comes a report of much German activity. All day long, it is stated, Landsturm men marched through the city, the number being estimated at 50,000.

Though still fighting stubbornly in an attempt to check the Allied advance, the Germans, it was reported last night from Amsterdam, are taking all necessary measures in preparation for a retreat from Flanders.

Reinforcements are said to have been brought from the Eastern frontier to guard a new line of German trenches, which extend from Zebrugge, on the Belgian coast, to Damme.

More successes by the Allies are reported in yesterday's French official statement. French troops, with the assistance of the British, have taken a village near La Basse, and more German trenches have been captured.

THICK FOG THAT CHECKED THE FIGHTING.

Allies Continue Advance and Capture More German Trenches.

PARIS, Dec. 23.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium yesterday slight progress was made between the sea and the road from Nieuport to Westende, as well as in the district of Steenstraete and Bixchoote, where we captured a wood, some houses and a redoubt.

To the east of Bethune we recaptured, in co-operation with the British Army, the village of Givenchy, La Basse, which had been lost.

In the Arras district thick fog gave a check both to the enemy's activity and to our own.

To the east of Amiens, on the Aisne and in Champagne there were artillery engagements.

In the district of Perthes les Hurles, after a lively cannonade and two assaults, we captured the last section of the line which we partially captured on the 21st, an average gain of 500 yards.

GERMAN LINES BLOWN UP.

In the last trench taken we captured a section of mitrailleuses, staff and material. A vigorous counter-attack was repulsed.

We have also made progress to the north-east of Beaunejour, where the enemy once, more made an unsuccessful counter-attack.

There has been an appreciable advance by our troops in the La Grurie Wood over a trench front of 400 yards.

We mined and blew up two German lines and occupied the excavations thus formed.

Fighting is proceeding round Boureuilles, but the results scored yesterday morning, which were of some importance, do not appear to have been altogether maintained.

From the heights of the Meuse to Upper Alsace there is no incident to report.—Reuter.

HUNS PREPARE RETREAT?

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 23.—According to a message from Rosendaal, the Germans in the province of Antwerp are showing great activity along the Dutch frontier.

All the Belgian fortifications north and north-east of Antwerp have been greatly strengthened. The Belgian trenches between Heide and Brasschaet, which could not be destroyed when Antwerp was evacuated, are now being strengthened by second trenches parallel to the old ones and connected with them.

NEW LINE OF DEFENCE.

All the work is being done by the inhabitants, who are paid 2s. 6d. daily. All the forts and redoubts are now repaired.

It is remarkable that the trenches run from north-west to south-east, facing so as to guard against attack from the north-east.

A Swiss telegram states that the Germans, while maintaining a desperate resistance to the

attacks of the Allies, are, nevertheless, making all preparations for a retreat from Flanders. A great number of guns have been placed in position along a new line of defence—Zebrugge, Heyst-Dudzele-Damme (all between Zebrugge and Bruges), and further in the direction of Ghent.

Many of the troops who at the beginning of last week were engaged on the eastern theatre of war have now been brought back to reinforce other troops already posted along the new line.

Yesterday was the last day allowed for civilians to leave the coast, and about eighty last night left for the Dutch frontier.—Reuter's Special.

ZEPPELIN OVER HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 23.—The *Telegraaf* learns from Vlieland (Holland) that a Zeppelin was sighted this afternoon coming from the west. It disappeared in a north-easterly direction.

It is announced from Terschelling that an airship was seen flying in an easterly direction.—Reuter.

BOMB DROPPED ON STRASSBURG.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 23.—A telegram from Strassburg states that yesterday afternoon, between three and four o'clock, a hostile airman appeared over the city and dropped a bomb on the suburb of Ilkirch, damaging a shed and smashing the windows of a shop. Some of the splinters of the bomb fell in the river, but nobody was hurt.

The airman, who flew at a height of about 5,000ft., came under the fire of the garrison.—Reuter.

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 23.—A private telegram from Berlin says that a British aeroplane passed over Brussels yesterday, dropping bombs on various military establishments. The aeroplane escaped safely, in spite of the Germans' fire.—Central News.

KAISER IN COLOGNE.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 23.—Your correspondent telegraphs from Cologne that the Kaiser arrived in the city yesterday with his entire staff, en route for the Western front.

Three new 42-centimetre guns have arrived in Cologne from Essen. They are being sent to Thorn, where they will be moved up for use in the bombardment of Warsaw.

All day long large masses of Landsturm were marching through the city. Your correspondent, who was stationed in the main thoroughfare, himself counting nearly 60,000 men.

Thirty-eight Russian cannon captured in Poland have just been brought into Cologne, whence they are being forwarded to Krupp's for repair.

Six hundred prisoners of war from La Basse, mostly French, came in yesterday. Among them were two handcuffed British soldiers who had tried to escape.

The number of wounded Germans conveyed here from the front is increasing daily.—Central News.

TURKS DISPATCH ARMY "TO DELIVER EGYPT."

Berlin Story of Djemal Pasha's Forward March to the Suez Canal.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 23.—The *Frankfurter Zeitung* learns from Constantinople that the Turkish Army dispatched "to deliver Egypt" began its forward march to the Suez Canal the day before yesterday.

The army is under the command of Djemal Pasha.—Central News.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 22.—The following statement has been communicated by the Headquarters of the Army of the Caucasus:—

"In the region of Ropa one of our torpedo-boats bombarded the villages on the coast occupied by the Turkish troops, and sank four loaded barges.

"In the region of Van our troops are continuing to press hard upon large forces of the enemy."—Reuter.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Following last year's precedent, "The Daily Mirror" will not appear to-morrow (Christmas Day). This will give the news-agent a Christmas holiday. "The Daily Mirror" will appear as usual on Saturday morning (Boxing Day), and will contain the latest war news and photographs.

FELT AS IF TOUCHED BY A RED-HOT POKER.

Vivid Story of Wounded French Soldier Who Saw "Dead and More Dead."

PARIS, Dec. 23.—The *Echo de Paris* publishes extracts from a letter of a non-commissioned officer fighting on the northern French frontier. The captain (he writes) gave the order to attack, and we were absolutely forbidden to retire.

We captured a village and occupied the German trench. Suddenly I felt as if I had been touched with a red-hot poker.

A bullet had grazed my temple and blood began to trickle down, but mechanically I continued to shoot, and incessantly gave the order "Ready, fire!"

A moment later I received a stunning blow on the head. I lost consciousness and fell to the bottom of the trench.

The corporal at my side called to me. I started out of my terror and felt myself. Nothing was broken, but blood was streaming down my face. I took a pull from my flask and tried to open my eyes, but saw that my fingers were crushed. Seeing that was all, I turned to my men and noticed that they were no longer firing, and told them to resume their volley.

I called a soldier I knew to dress my wounds. He was dead. I kissed him and called to another man.

He was sitting down, but also there was no head on his shoulders and blood was spurting like a fountain.

I went further and still further—dead and more dead. It was the end of the attack.

Then I left the trench, and after crawling 300 metres on my stomach I arrived amid a dreadful rain of shells at the ambulance corps.

The doctor cut off the ends of my third and middle fingers.—Reuter.

HELP FOR RAID VICTIMS.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, has sent the following letter to Mr. Rea, M.P. for Scarborough:—

"My dear Rea,—In reply to your letter of yesterday, I have to say that the Government have resolved to provide relief from the Imperial funds in respect of damage to persons and property sustained in the recent bombardment of the towns of Scarborough, Whitby and the Hartlepoons.

"The scope and measure of such relief, and the machinery for ascertaining and administering it are matters which are receiving careful consideration.

"I need not assure you of my deep personal sympathy with your constituents who have been made the victims of this barbarous outrage."

GERMAN KILLS WOUNDED OFFICER.

PARIS, Dec. 23.—A memorial service for Lieutenant Deschairs will be held here on Wednesday.

Lieutenant Deschairs was wounded in the fighting in Belgium Luxembourg and was left behind at Gommery.

A detachment of German infantry under the command of a non-commissioned officer arrived in the village in the evening, and after declaring that his men had been fired upon by the German called for an interpreter.

Lieutenant Deschairs came forward and exchanged a few words with the man, who drew a revolver without warning and blew out the lieutenant's brains.—Reuter's Special.

FIERCE FIGHTING IN BATTLE FOR WARSAW.

Russians Fall Back at One Point, but Have Many Successes.

2,000 AUSTRIAN DEAD.

Further fierce fighting in the struggle for Warsaw is reported from Petrograd.

With one exception all the news in the Russian official communiqué is of a very encouraging character for at many points, both in Poland and Galicia, the Tsar's armies have obtained considerable successes.

The exception is provided by a retirement in one part of the Russian line—about forty miles to the south-west of Warsaw. There the Russians have fallen back, but they are stated to be now occupying more advantageous positions.

All other attacks by the Germans failed. On the banks of the River Bzura the Germans are said to have lost 2,000 dead, while in Galicia the Austrian losses are officially returned at 2,000 dead and 1,000 prisoners.

BAYONET VICTORIES.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 22.—A dispatch from the Great Headquarters Staff says:—

In the left bank of the Vistula yesterday, between its lower course and the River Pilica there was a series of obstinate combats, more particularly on the left bank of the Pilica.

Generally speaking, all the German attacks were repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy.

Our troops evacuated only some insignificant districts, falling back towards the east with the object of occupying more advantageous positions.

Our counter-attack threw back on the river German units which had crossed the Bzura near Zahref, the enemy losing many killed and nine machine guns captured.

OVER 1,000 SURRENDER.

The position between the Pilica and the Upper Vistula shows no important change, except in the Skovnonno region, where the Austrians, after crossing the River Nida, were hemmed in against it.

Threatened with a bayonet attack, they surrendered to the number of eighteen officers and more than 1,000 soldiers.

TERIBLE PLIGHT OF PRZEMYSL.

In Galicia our operations continued to develop with great success yesterday.

Near Ryglyce an Austrian division suddenly attacked by our troops fled in disorder, leaving 1,500 dead on the battlefield.

Portions of another division which were attacked with the bayonet near Jodlowo also fled, abandoning 500 dead.

In the same region the Austrians, hard pressed by our counter-offensive, lost many prisoners, three guns and machine guns.

Portions of the garrison of Przemyśl, which attempted fresh sorties in different directions, were everywhere driven back towards their fortifications, and lost very heavily.—Reuter.

ROME, Dec. 23.—According to a dispatch from Petrograd published in the press, prisoners deserting from the fortress of Przemyśl were ordered as a measure of desperation, the town being without food, wood and coal and filled with sick people. The population is perishing from the cold.

It is further declared that the Russian advanced guards have again arrived in the vicinity of Cracow.—Central News.

SULTAN'S SAVAGE EDICT.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 22.—The *Kurier* of Sevastopol states that the Sultan of Turkey has issued an edict declaring that, as there have been many cases of Christians deserting his army or refusing to take service, henceforth such action will render the whole family of the offender liable to execution.

The Germans by mistake shot down one of their own aeroplanes near Kutno. The machine fell to the ground and was smashed to bits. The two airmen were killed.

The *Bourse Gazette* states that two German military railway trains collided near Kalisch. It is reported that over 1,000 men were killed and wounded.

The tablet which it is proposed to place on the historical public buildings in Poland which have been wrecked by the Germans, after they have been restored, will bear the words, "Restored after destruction in the year of German shame."

The Polish architects are communicating with the French, and it is stated that a similar inscription will be placed on Rheims Cathedral and elsewhere.—Reuter's Special Service.

SAILORS ROUTED.

NISB, Dec. 23.—The following official communiqué is issued today:—

A strong detachment of Austrian sailors under the command of an officer made a fresh attack on the 18th inst. against our transports on the Danube near Prahovo.

Vigorous counter-attacks by our forces repulsed the enemy. The routed Austrian sailors escaped to Turn Severinfi.—Reuter.



Our soldiers in South Africa resting in a field. They enjoy better fighting weather than do their comrades on the Continent.

FILLING US WITH SPOON-FED NEWS.

G. 11910 L



Ever since the German Huns showed themselves barbarians they have tried to show by news and pictures that they are kindly gentlemen. This is their latest photographic fake. They want to feed the world with a German spoon.

MAKING A HOSPITAL SHIP.

P. 492 B



Viscountess Buxton inaugurating the Elbani as a hospital ship on the 1st of the present month in South Africa. This is one of many ships transformed into floating hospitals which have done excellent work.

MARIE KOHLER.

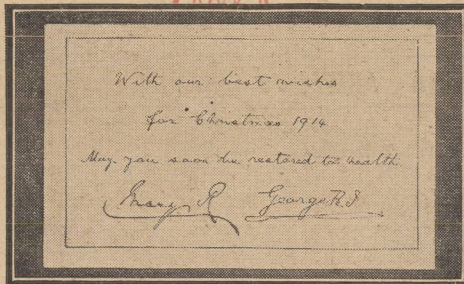
P. 16810



Marie Kohler, the famous mimic and solo dancer of the Berlin Opera House, now a Red Cross nurse.

GIFTS FROM THE KING FOR THE FRONT.

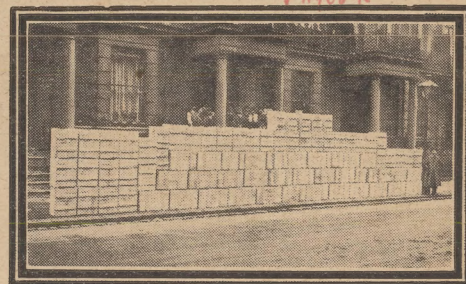
G. 11908 K



The special message to wounded soldiers.

A pleasant surprise awaits our heroes who are fighting for the Empire on land and sea. The King and Queen are sending them 700,000 royal Christmas cards, with their autographs, as a memento of the Christmas which came in the great war.

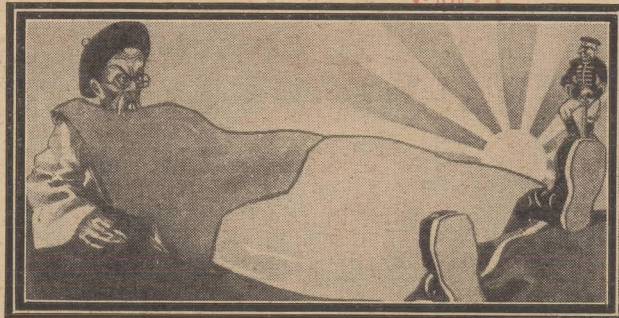
G. 11909 R



The first consignment leaving London.

"THE AWAKENING OF CHINA."

G. 11905 F



A German cartoon which depicts the Chinese Colossus suddenly waking up from its long sleep when little Japan tickles its toes at Tsingtau. Germany is so hard up just now for allies that she would even take China.

FAMOUS SHOT.

P. 16810



Corporal John Tiffins, a famous Bisley shot, killed while fetching water for his Maxim.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914.

THE SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS

IT ALWAYS SEEMS to be Christmas—and Quarter Day—and once more in the whirlwind rapidity of Time Christmas is upon us. Usually when it comes, with its parcels and cards and presents and tips and turkeys and puddings and exhibitions of carcases in resplendent shops, we pause from all seriousness and indulgently we say: "Yes, very silly, most irrelevant, no doubt. Childish? That's just it: it exists for the sake of children. The children's season, the children's day; and so on, and so on. We too, the grown-ups, we too can best observe and enjoy it all by becoming children again. Let's be silly for the children's sake" . . .

And that soft argument subsists no doubt this year.

But it is less loudly spoken, being suppressed in great measure and replaced by another argument. "We must be cheerful for the soldier's sake."

Here in England (we judge from numerous letters) some of them are very cross. No Christmas leave! Letters from Berkhamstead, Watford, Bedford, Folkestone—all complain of the hardship. A day or two passes, and those of us who have friends amongst the recruits hear that they are determined to make the best of it. They are going to get "some one"—does that mean *you*?—to send them down a turkey. Also a plum pudding. And a few other things. And with these fragments, these remnants, these mere nothings, they intend to make a "sort of a feed with a few fellows" on Christmas Day. Who could resist it? Immediately you sent the turkey; or, at least, the plum pudding; and perhaps the few other things as well. And to-morrow, as you eat your own rather dismal dinner, you think of them and wish them not a bad sort of feed after all.

The soldiers at home deserve the best sort of Christmas we can give them.

The soldiers at the front deserve no less. This Christmas has seen the big shops as packed with people as usual at this season, but with people weeks ahead preparing presents for the front. No presents for one another—presents for the front. An army of turkeys and mince pies and puddings have gone out. The ancient chestnut jester will remark that this army may do as much harm as the Germans. Leave him to his joke. Plum pudding never tastes better than in the trenches.

Let us hope then that, failing home and leave and friends and family, they will all get in some small way a reminder that we think of them first this year, chiefly of them—that this is memorably the soldier's Christmas, always to be held in honour as such. It is beastly cold at the front; it is hard luck at home about leave. Yet we venture to wish them, wherever they may be, some sort of a feed with the other fellows to-morrow.

W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

IN MY GARDEN.

Dec. 23.—Mistletoe (*viscum album*) is found growing in but few gardens; yet the owner of a place in the country can cultivate it successfully with but little trouble. This half-shrubby parasite grows on many trees—the lime, beech, poplar, elm, willow, hornbeam, acacia, horse-chestnut, and orchard trees. It is generally spread by the thrushes wiping the seeds off their bills on the bark.

If it is desired to grow mistletoe ripe seed should be obtained about the end of April. This should be pressed into clean bark, and then protected—by means of muslin—from the birds for a time. But it is no use doing this at Christmas-time.

E. T. T.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THEIR "REPENTANCE."

WE ARE TOLD that repentance follows crime, but, unfortunately, this is not always so.

While the innocent man worries himself to death because he imagines that he is suspected of some crime, the real criminal walks about with a smile on his face, being quite happy and contented.

CONTRAST.

THE NON-STOP OMNIBUSES.

IT IS INDEED most difficult for a foreigner in your hospitable land to find where it is that your excellent motor-omnibuses stop. It is as your letter signed "N. R." says.

Never do I try to mount them except at the chief places of their supposed stopping. I am not hardy enough to spring upon them as they fly past. But I find that even at the stopping

Venables I shall be pleased to hear from him. I don't know his address. Colonel Rees, who wrote to me, said if I could get into communication with him he would give me all details. East-Sheen, S.W. BERTHE CORNELIUS.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

WILL you allow me to reply to your correspondent "C. M. E.," who writes to say the spirit of self-sacrifice in the modern child is entirely lacking?

I know that British children, rich and poor, are making great sacrifices in this wartime, know of pocket-money gladly given up, of favourite toys sent to poorer children, of busy little people working with pencil, paint and needle until little fingers are cramped and bright eyes ache.

I know the poor children in the schools have given up their treats and well-earned prize-

BRITAIN AT WAR.

How the Recruit Without Leave Tries to Make the Best of Christmas.

THE GUEST OF HONOUR.

ONE OF YOUR correspondents suggests that the soldiers should be "asked home" to dine.

Would it not be better to send them the good things and let them enjoy themselves with their own friends? There's apt to be something rather freezing about these set dinners and invitations. A SOLDIER.

HOLLY IN HIS BED.

WE START decorating this place to-day—three Belgians wounded and several English Tommies on sick leave are helping me. We are going to make it look very jolly with mistletoe and holly.

Talking of holly, I found my nightgown sewn up by one of the Belgians the other night. To-night I am going to put a piece of holly in his bed, and I expect some fun.

We are looking forward to our turkey.

GUNNER.
A Hospital in Sussex.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

WE HAVE ALL signed for foreign service, and are liable to be sent abroad at any moment, so we think it a bit hard we do not get a chance to go home.

Still we have arranged to dine in the empty house here, and one of our fellows has put a big piece of red cloth on the floor, and M— has sent in a table free. The lady at the inn is going to lend us some things, and we ought to do very well.

We shall drink the Kaiser's health in the wine you sent.

A RECRUIT.

NO MISTLETOE?

"IT IS NO TIME for mistletoe and holly," says your correspondent "M. H."

Great Heavens, I am just sending off some to the White City! Cheer up, "M. H." Come and see how the men in khaki enjoy it! K. E.

ANGRY WITH US.

MAY I SAY how sorry I am to see your leading article on the German day of repentance and prayer? Either the article is not serious and they are poking fun at the bare idea of Germany being repentant or you are seriously meant to suggest that their repentance should be real, in which case you need to learn that true penitence can only be drawn out by sympathy and not by sarcasm.

The Germans have many things to answer for, but in this one thing at least they have beaten us. They have called for a day of repentance and prayer. We are to have a day of prayer and intercession, but we are not to call it a day of penitence or humiliation "because it might be misunderstood."

Is it not rather infra dig. for one of our leading newspapers (deliberately or ignorantly) to "misunderstand" their courage in suggesting that Germany needs penitence?

(Rev.) C. T. THORNTON.

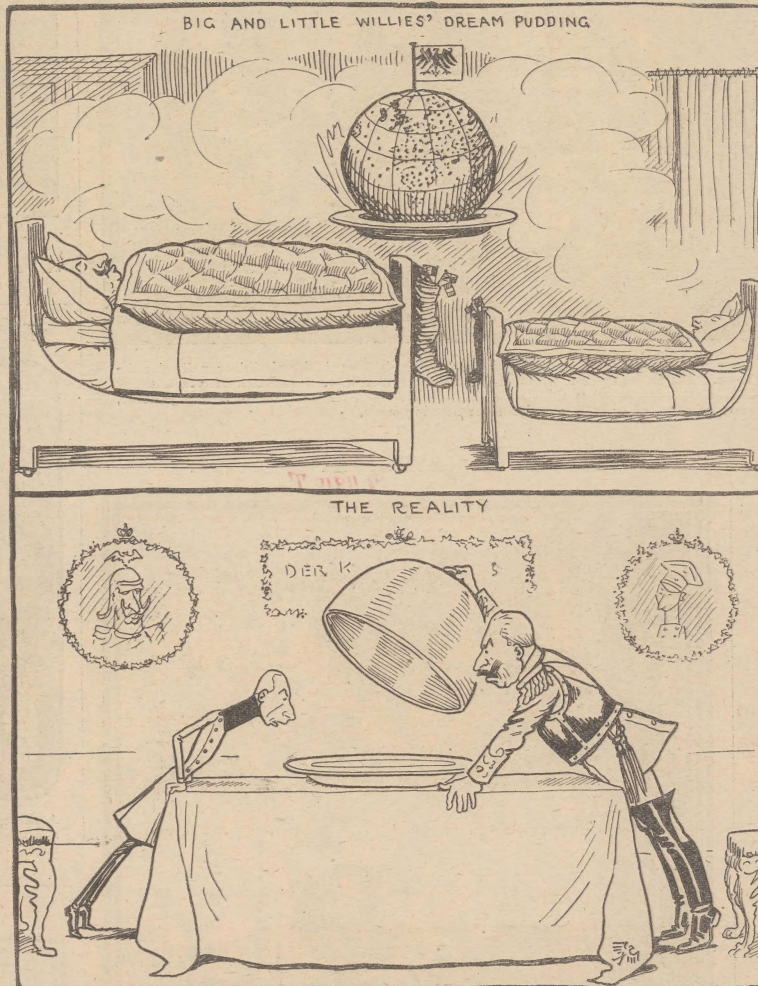
St. Matthew's Vicarage.

[The thesis of our article is completely misinterpreted by our correspondent. It simply maintained that German "repentance"—as their published utterances show—is for their failure to win, and in no sense for their crime in bringing the war about.]

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It seems to me that the amount of lawless ness and crime, the amount of waste and idleness, the amount of war and war possibility and danger in the world are just the measure of the present inadequacy of the world's system of collective organisations to the purpose before them. It follows from this very directly that only one thing can end war on the earth, and that is a subtle mental development, an idea, the development of the idea of the world common weal in the collective mind.—H. G. Wells.

BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES' CHRISTMAS DINNER.



Kaiser and Clown Prince thought it was going to be the world on a big plate. This world-pudding turns out, however, to be—just nothing, for a surprise. (By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

places they do not stop more than a second. Am I to believe that all those people I see riding in them got in at the very beginning, and do not intend to descend until the very end? Must one never ride in a motor-omnibus but when one rides the whole distance of the course? The guide-book has nothing to say about all this, and it makes a difficulty for us, I am bound to say.

A FOREIGN GUEST.

Russell-square, W.C.

A HERO'S DEATH.

IN YOUR issue of the 10th the initials of my brother-in-law, Lieutenant Cornelius, of the 2nd Battalion Welsh Regiment (who was killed in action, being shot through the heart as he went to the aid of Captain Venables) are given as A. S. Carleton.

It should read C. V. P. (Cecil Victor Powell). As this is in connection with his D.S.O. which he won, I shall be obliged if you will print this letter, as Lieutenant Cornelius had many friends in this country, as well as in India, and the mistake may cause confusion.

If this letter should meet the eye of Captain

money. Can all we grown-ups say as much. With the exception, no doubt, of "C. M. E.," who, presumably, himself sacrificed all pleasures and comforts before he reproached the children?

A DEFENDER OF THE CHILDREN.

AT CHRISTMAS.

Patient at the pasture gate
The calm-eyed cattle stand and wait,
Till the herdsmen come to lead them,
Shedward, so to tend and feed them.
Hush them, safe till morning light
From the bitter winter night.

In the frosty sunset glow
Their coats a ruddier russet show,
And their breath like incense rises,
Sweet as mists the dawn surprises.
See! a little early star
Points their mangers, where they are!

Baby Christ was born to-day . . .
Did they wait, this very way?
Till the herdsmen led them slowly
To the shed where, dear and lowly,
He lay sleeping in a stall?
Did they understand at all?

—TERESA HOOLEY.

BRITISH OUTPOST'S PALISADE.



The King's African Rifles, Nyasaland Field Force, at Fort Johnstone, British East Africa, building palisades the day before the battle of Kasowa. The majority of the British troops in this district are, of course, natives, but they are led by white officers and have already proved to the Germans, in the battle of Kasowa and other engagements, that they spring from a redoubtable fighting stock.

CAPTURED.



Bringing in a South African rebel, who was captured through being wounded.

INTRODUCTION.



Introducing a little friend to Santa Claus at the Royal Free Hospital Christmas celebrations. The little child is the son of one of our wounded soldiers.

THE RUINED CHURCH AT DIXMUDE.



This photograph shows the interior of a church at Dixmude after being shelled by the Germans. Twenty-four French soldiers were sleeping in this church when the bombardment began and the whole party were killed. Note the sacred statues still standing amongst the ruins.

MOTHER AND SON BURN



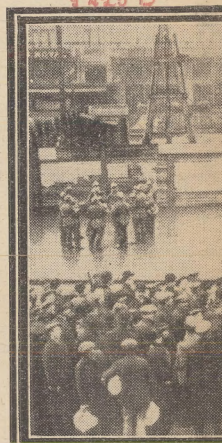
Three deaths resulted from a fire yesterday morning at a dwelling-house gerten, her son, Ernest Bangerten, and a man named William Lawrence were burnt to death. The man Lawrence was seen at a window, out of and, finding escape impossible, he jumped out of the window.

LORD BUXTON.



A photograph of Lord Buxton attending the very impressive memorial service to Lord Roberts in South Africa.

A HARDSHIP FO



Besides having to submit to the Antwerp, its people have to live with a numerically strong, but not

RUSSIAN BATTERIES IN



Although the Russians have once again retired before superior German
proaches to Cracow. Some of the fierce

CHRISTMAS, ALICE WANTS US IN WONDERLAND

P. 12149 B



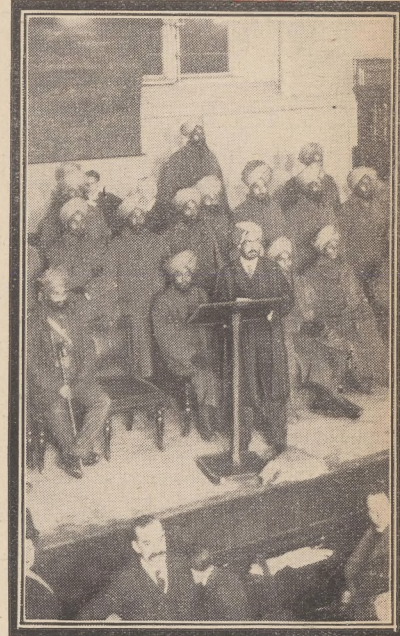
Who have a little joke together.



The Mad Hatter (Mr. Franklyn Vernon) takes tea.

THE SIKHS' TEACHER

P. 6140 F



Wounded Sikh soldiers assemble at Caxton Hall to celebrate the 249th anniversary of the birth of Guru Govind Singh, who is credited with infusing them with their fighting spirit.

DOM TRIMMING.



WILL HE COME?

P. 393



Tiny tots waiting for Santa Claus. They hoped he would bring daddy home from the war.

MISS LILY IRIS.

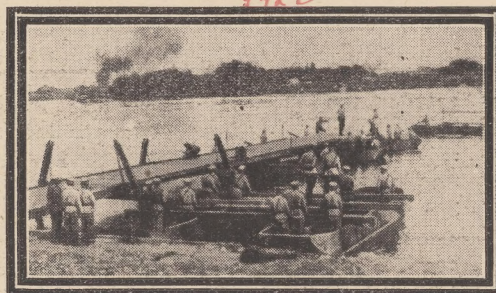
P. 462 N



Miss Lily Iris, the charming principal boy in "Cinderella" at the Aldwych Theatre. Miss Iris is a dainty "panto" hero.

RUSSIANS BUILDING A PONTOON.

P. 42 E



Russian soldiers building a pontoon bridge. They have proved themselves to be expert in the construction of pontoons, and have thus overcome a number of transport difficulties.

HIS FORTUNE.

P. 42 B



A Russian soldier has his fortune told by an old peasant woman. The bird carefully selects a card.

RUSSIAN BATTERIES IN A BATTLE NEAR CRACOW.

P. 42 B



Although the Russians have once again retired before superior German and Austrian forces, they have not loosened their grip on the approaches to Cracow. Some of the fiercest artillery fighting has taken place here.

turned up at the side and is a trimming is again this time it gives a semi-hat by Blanchot, Paris.)

No. 219

GENERAL**ROUTE No. 48.****Stamford Hill and Balham Station**

Via Kingsland Road
Shoreditch Church
Old Street
Clerkenwell Road
Gray's Inn Road
Chancery Lane
Strand
Waterloo Bridge
Elephant & Castle

N.E.**S.W.**

Kennington Park Road
Tooting Road

FARE**5½d.**

The only North—South Route into the West Central area.

Change at Old Street from the North and Clapham Common from the South for the City and South London Railway.

The London General Omnibus Co., Ltd.,
Electric Railway House,
Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

B

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—At 8.15, Mats., Today and Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Harry Graham's Revue, **ODDS AND ENDS**, presented by Miss Hanaio in "Otoko." Next week, Mats., Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.
APOLLO.—2.30 and 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. CHARLES HANTRY in **A MESSAGE FROM S.A.S.**
COMEDY.—Eves. 8.15. Mats., Weds. and Sat., 2.30. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in **PEG J. MY HEART**. Special Xmas Matinee, Monday, Dec. 28, 2.30.
DALY'S, Leicester-square.—**EVENINGS**, at 8. Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDW. RIDES' Production, **A COUNTRY GIRL**. (Special Reduced Prices).
DRURY LANE.—**BOXING NIGHT**, at 7 sharp, and twice daily, 1.30 and 7.30. **THE SINGING BEAUTY**.—**BEAUTIFIED**, George Graves, Will Evans, Bertram Wallis. Box-office, 10 to 7, Strand.
CARRICK.—**THE DOUBLE MYSTERY**. Boxing Day and onwards. Thurs. Daily, 2.30 and 8.
ARTISTE, PICCADILLY and **VIOLETTA, NEWBURGH.**
GLOBE, OSCAR ASHCE and LILY BRAYTON in **MALIBU**.—twice daily, at 2 and 8.
HAYMARKET.—2.30 and 8. **THE FLAG LIEUTENANT**. ALAN AYNEWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TEARLE. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 1.15 to 7.50.
His Majesty's.—**CHRISTMAS PRODUCTION**. In **MALIBU**.—twice daily, at 2 and 8.

TO-NIGHT, at 7 (subsequent evenings, at 8). Mats., Weds. and Sat., Herbert Tree, Lady's Millard.
KINGSWAY.—**EVENINGS**, at 8. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30. **THE DYNASTY**, by Thomas Hailey.
Abridged and produced by Granville Barker.
LITTLE, THE COCKYOLLY BIRD.—Afternoons only, 2.30. Commencing Dec. 25 and year. A real children's Play, the success of last Xmas and Child price.
LYRIC THEATRE.—**THE EARL AND THE GIRL**. **BOXING DAY**, at 2.30 and 8, and twice daily, at 2.30 and 8.

PLAYHOUSE.—Leave Mr. Cyril Maude. **BOXING DAY** and twice daily, at 2 and 8. **LITTLE LORNAINE**. **ROY.**—Box-office, 10 to 7. Wed., City 5122. City 5793.

PRINCE OF WALES.—**CHARLEY'S AUNT**. **TODAY and TWICE DAILY**, at 2.30 and 8.
Popular prices. Reserved 3s., 4s., 5s. Tel. Ger. 7482-3.

ROYALTY.—**THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME**. by Lechmere Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry.
TODAY, 2.30 and 8.15. MAY, THURS., SATS., at 2.30.

SCALA-KINEMACOLOR.—**TWICE DAILY**, 2.30 and 7.30. **WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE**.
ANTHONY WARD.—Bombardment of Scarborough.
VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—**OUR BOYS**. **BOXING DAY**, at 8 and 8.45. Prescribed, 2.30 and 8.15, by "A Man of Ideas." **SPECIAL XMAS MATINEES**, Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., Dec. 28, 30, 31, Jan. 2.

ALHAMBRA.—**ALHAMBRA REVUE** (including Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime).
Varieties at 8.15. **SAT. MATS.**, at 2.30.

HIPPODROME.—**DAILY**, at 2.30 and 8.30. **New Revue**, **BUSINESS AS USUAL**. **VIOLET LORRAINE**, **UNITY**, **MORE**, **CHRISTINE SILVER**, **CHARLES MORLEY**, **HARVEY**, **AMRO E THORNE**, **VIVIAN COSTER**.

PALACE.—**GARY DESLYS**. **THE PAVING SHOW** (one last week), with **BASIL HALLAN**, **HARRY FLOER**, **Gwendoline Brocken**, **NEILSON KEYS** (last week of **THE RAZZLE DIZZIE**), **WILLIAMS** on **BUSCOPE**. **PASSING SHOW**, 8.55. Varieties at 8. Mats., Wed. and Sat., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—6.30 and 9. **LE PETIT CABARET**. **ELIENE**, **SHIRAZ**, **THE SHOOT**, **ALBERT**, **WHEELAN**, **MAY MOORE**, **DUPRE**, **FRY**, **LOTTINGA**, **MASKELYNE** and **DEVANTS** **MYSTERIES**, St. George's Hall, Grafton Place, 8.15. **THE FORTUNE** and **PIRO GRAMME**. **CLOSED TONIGHT** (XMAS EVE). **THE OPENING** **BOMBAY** **THEATRE**.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.—Boxing Day Admission (exceptance each person, from 9 a.m. till 4 p.m.). The Gardens will be closed on Christmas Day, look to Fallow and the Public.

RINKING.

HOLLAND PARK PINK, SKATING DAILY. 3 Sections. **Boxing Day**, Admission 1s. Skating 1s. **Sunday Evening** Skating Club and January 2nd, 1s. **CHERRY** here.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Gift.—50 guineas Broadwood Piano (new) offered free.—Write A. 10, St. John's-road, Lowestoft.
PIANOS.—Boyd, Ltd. supply their high-class British pianos for cash, or 10s. 8d. per month, carriage paid; catalogue free.—Boyd, 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES FOR THE TROOPS

From all quarters we hear the same simple request.

"SEND US CIGARETTES."

TROOPS AT HOME (Duty Paid)

It would be well if those wishing to send Cigarettes to our soldiers would remember those still in Great Britain. There are thousands of Regulars and Territorials awaiting orders and in sending a present now you are assured of reaching your man. Supplies may be obtained from the usual trade sources and we shall be glad to furnish any information on application

TROOPS AT THE FRONT (Duty Free)

John Player & Sons, Nottingham, will through the Proprietors for Export (The British-American Tobacco Co., Ltd.) be pleased to arrange for supplies of this world-renowned Brand to be forwarded to the Front at Duty Free Rates.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS,
Castle Tobacco Factory, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of St. Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

P475

REMEMBER If you purchase British Dunlop tyres you help to uphold the trade of this country. If you buy foreign tyres—either European or American—you aim a direct blow at British workpeople.

BRITISH CYCLISTS

There are no terrors in winter cycling

if your tyres are right. They will be right if they are of Dunlop manufacture. Every purpose and every purse is catered for by Dunlop, Warwick and Cambridge tyres. Ask your agent to show you the Dunlop Magnum, the ideal tyre for rough roads or greasy setts.

DUNLOP, WARWICK & CAMBRIDGE TYRES

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, Aston Cross, Birmingham, and 140, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

DUNLOP SOLID TYRES FOR HEAVY COMMERCIAL VEHICLES.



TRADE MARK

PERSONAL.

G. to G.—The best of good luck.
JAP Nueget.—May every happiness attend you.—Boy.
SEMPERT.—Wishing you a happy Xmas. Fondest love.
O.B.D.—Fondest, loving thoughts and wishes, dearest one.
AGNES.—Best Xmas wishes. Shall never forget. Send photo.—Wife.
"MICAWBER."—"Letter?" Anxious! God grant Christmas wishes!—Potts.
SISTER.—When at Turkey mind the "cinders" in your sauce. Greetings.—El.
CHERUB.—Christmas greetings. Be happy. Dreaming, longing. Ever yours. Pitt. Love, kisses.
CARA.—Greetings.—Dadling Face. We must remember last Xmas. Write freely darling, everything received.—Paul.
E2 REWARD.—Lost, Friday, December 11, taxi or Liverpool-street, permutation rug, 67y fur on blue cloth.—Apply 168, Tulse Hill.
"FORGET-ME-NOT."—A day Competition.—Tuesday's dinner was Mrs. A. Gull, Newtown Minstead, Lyndhurst, Hants.
HAIR permanent? removed from face with electricity. Radio only.—Florissar Wood, 105, Regent-st. W.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ANIMALS AND THE HOLIDAYS.—You are earnestly desired to make suitable provision for your dogs, cats or other pets when you go away for the HOLIDAYS, and to save them from the terrible sufferings of starvation or other cruelties when left in empty houses or turned out in the streets.

R. H. FAIRHOLE, Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A., No. 105, Jermy-street.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.
A BABY'S Long Cloak Set 50 choice pieces, 21s., shape, style and work perfection; supreme value, genuinely high quality, our every statement reliable; instant approval.—Mrs. Max. The Chasen, Nottingham.
A TROUSSEAU, 25s.; 24 nightdresses, Dressing Jacket, chemise, easy terms.—Mrs. Scott, 251, Cambridge-rd. W.
MATERNITY Self-Adjusting Skirts from 8s. 11d.; sweaters, 23s. 6d.; Nursing Corsets with Belt, 7s. 11d.; Maternity Houses, 1s. 6d.; Accoutrements, Suits & Sundries; Layettes, Infant Specialities, Complete Nursery Equipment; 108-page Illustrated Catalogue, Patterns and Self-Measurement. Form, Free.—Manchester, Wood Street, Maternity Specialists, 63, North-parade, Manchester.
REAL Navy Serge, as supplied to Admiralty; every length guaranteed; 30in., 1s. 3½d., 1s. 6d.; 54in. serges, 2s. to 12s. 6d. yard; also black; carriage paid; write for pattern book 4, free.—J. D. Morris, Ltd., Admiralty Contractors, Portsmouth.
REAL Navy Serge, 1s. 2½d. and 1s. 6d. yard; Flannel, 1s. 10. 3d.—Beaumonts, D.C. Contractors, Portsmouth.

Articles for Disposal.

A CUTLERY service, 54 pieces, 35s.; celebrated A 1 silver plate, first Sheffield knives, carvers, etc.; one oak box; ideal wedding outfit; perfectly new; approval willingly.—Mrs. Rowley 56, Seely, Manor Park, Essex.
A CRISTINE dainty China—100 perfect pieces 21s., comprising dinner set for 12, tea and breakfast set for 12, hot-water jug, teapot, and a set of 3 jugs; all to match; each piece thin and beautifully finished; write for free catalogue.—Vincery, Pottery, 25, Broadway.
CENTURY China Bargains.—Household and Individual Orders at Victory Prices; separate Dinner, Tea, Toilet Services, beautiful designs, from 2s.; Complete Home Outfit, 21s.; 30,000 satisfied customers; Complete Illustrated Catalogue free! Pottery free! Write to-day.—Century Pottery, Dept. 75, Burslem.

Wanted to Purchase.
ANY old False Teeth Bought, any kind, 3d. per tooth on vulcanite, to 22 on metal; cash.—Pells, Ltd., Leeds.
A REFILLING Teeth (old) Bought; call or forward by post; almost value per return or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-st., London. Estab. 100 years.
SILVER PURCHASED for cash; highest prices by return.—Fraser's (Ipswich), Ltd., 2, Princess-st., Ipswich. Established 1853.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

"Love looks
not with
the eyes,
but with
the mind."

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but Valerie is more temperamental. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is a very elastic one where his own desires are concerned.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. As he speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrists and draws her towards him. She is startled. They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

"I have no other use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Shut at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives. On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier. As she reads her heart sickens within her.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-a-day life is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and jilted!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swiftly-winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that she is something to live for after all. A week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds an amazing letter from Valerie, in which she says that she is on her way out to India to join Hillier! The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie tells her that she must speak to her privately that night. They go off together to an ancient palace.

The next thing is that Sylvia bursts into the room where Hillier is and falls on a dead faint, and Valerie is found dead in the ruins of the palace, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers arrive in England, and John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Greysdyke, the beautiful old family house. A day or two later Hillier is startled to find that his husband has engaged as his secretary Stanhope Lane. When he arrives he shows no recognition.

At dinner, Hillier tells how a man named Sir George Clair had come up to him in his club and asked a strange question. "He asked me," says Hillier to his wife, "who you were."

THE RUMOURS ABOUT CLAIR.

"OH, poor old George Clair!" It was Lane who supplied, with a laugh, the comment on his story for which Hillier waited. His eyes had left his hostess's face, and he was intent on the peach he was peeling with a dainty deliberation of movement that was characteristic of him.

"Oh, yes, he was as mad as a hatter. Has been eccentric—to put it mildly—for years. Odd you never heard of him—there were very persistent rumours about his doings in West Africa a year

or two back. But this yarn of yours sets a seal on rumours that have been floating round for the last couple of weeks of some affair in which a woman had been treated very badly."

Lane laughed softly and reminiscently. To Sylvia that laugh was one of the most hateful sounds she had ever heard.

"Really?" Hillier was obviously interested. "Now that you speak of it, the name of Clair does seem familiar—vaguely. There were questions asked in the House, if I remember?"

"Exactly. There were. But the matter was hushed up. Clair was one or two rather important wires. However, if the story I heard was true, the fates are getting their own back on Clair. It appears that a couple of months young and, presumably, charming lady, who—to use a colloquialism, however—bolted immediately after the ceremony. Clair has been more or less unbalanced ever since."

Hillier's laugh was not an altogether pleased one.

"Is that so? But why in the name of goodness should the man attack me?"

He probably attacks every man he meets, Jack," Sylvia put in, quickly.

"Oh, no, he can't be so stark mad as all that—he'd have been locked up long ago."

Lane shrugged his shoulders delicately.

"Yes, he is not so mad as all that, I imagine," he said. "No doubt he was misled by some fancied likeness in Lady Hillier."

Sylvia's nervous fingers were shredding the delicate petals of a flower to pieces.

"Ought one to be complimented, I wonder?" It had cost her a great deal to speak, but silence was no longer possible; more than once already her husband's sightless eyes had been turned in her direction, in that strange, unnamable way of his.

"Most probably not. Likenesses, as a rule, are a mere illusion. The result of a preconception."

It was Lane who spoke, breaking into the conversation with a little less than his usual deliberation. "No doubt poor Clair was in love with this woman, and her face is perpetually before his mind, as only the face of a woman can be. It's unforgettable. He sees it wherever he turns."

"It is a preconception that might possibly have very awkward results," Hillier said, dryly.

"May we join you now, without ceremony?" Valerie asked.

She rose at once and Hillier slipped his hand through her soft bare arm. He was sensitive of any awkwardness consequent on his blindness being betrayed before strangers, and the geography of this room and the wide spaces of the hall were unfamiliar to his darkened senses.

As she went out of the room with Lane following those words that the man had spoken rang in her ears with a subtle warning.

"Her face is perpetually before his eyes, as only the face of a woman can be..."

She was grievously puzzled and upset. For all his suave, quiet air of deference, Sylvia was absolutely certain that a change had taken place in Stanhope Lane's attitude towards her since the morning. The precise reason of this change or any possible result of it she could not so much as surmise. But that Stanhope Lane had recognised her as the woman he had known as Sylvia Craven she no longer could doubt.

Also—and this was still more disquieting and mysterious—the knowledge that Sir George Clair's marriage had his light comments had suggested; of this, too, she was certain.

If, as he said, Sir George Clair had been married at Southampton, and to a woman who had left him immediately after the ceremony, then there could be little doubt that that woman was Valerie. It all coincided with the letter in which she had so definitely stated that she had been married to Sir George—letter that had borne the postmark "Southampton."

Why, then, had Valerie denied the marriage? Why had she written that letter of almost passionate appeal to the lover she had only a few days before repudiated?

It seemed to Sylvia as she sat there silent in the beautiful room, with its shaded lights, must have been some reason infinitely more strong and vital than the mere question of money, that had sent Valerie fleeing from England, across thousands of miles of land and sea, and that had made the man whose love she had openly flouted and despised.

What did it all mean? What did Lane know? When would he speak?

The questions circled in her tired brain endlessly.

Presently Hillier rose and came over to her, and spoke to her in a low tone.

"My head aches a bit, Valerie. I'm going out to have a turn on the terrace. She won't mind if I want to be alone for a bit?"

She touched his hand lightly. She could not speak. A curious nightmare fear held all her senses numb at the thought of being left alone with this man who held her secret.

She heard the door close as Hillier left the room. Lane had opened the door for him. She heard his light footsteps cross the room and return.

She had taken up a strip of embroidery and was trying to work, but her fingers were clumsy and unsteady. Those expert fingers he had so often watched in the office of Mrs. Cunliffe's shop in Sloane-street.

She did not look up, but she was acutely aware of his presence as he stood with his back resting on the mantelpiece; every fibre of her was conscious of him, of his look, of the very carriage of that sleek head.

Then he spoke. His words came to her through the confused murmur of her own beating pulses. She felt stupefied, the sentences conveyed no intelligence to her senses for a second.

"I am afraid that I, too, must ask you to excuse me." That was what he said. "But there are letters that Sir George wishes to catch the last post to-night. I must attend to them."

There was an inflection in the silky voice that made her cheeks redden. Words and voice and pose alike were instinct with a calm insolence. Yet she managed to control her voice.

"I hope there are not many letters," she said. "Since the post is collected in less than half an hour's time."

"Then, indeed, I have not a moment to lose," he said.

He crossed the room with that quick, lithe tread of his and did not so much as glance back. But, if he did know anything—surely, the girl thought desperately to herself, for this encounter at least, the honours were even between them.

AN UNCOMPLETED SENTENCE.

"SO to-day, as ever was, Ivan Marazoff will come. And—we shall see what we shall see," Hillier said to his wife.

"In two hours, Jack dear. I know you love to be precise. If I were not so horribly bad at mental arithmetic I should add the hours and the minutes and the seconds into a grand total and present them to you."

There was a laughing raillery in her voice. In this last week Sylvia's laughter had been more frequent than usual. Hillier noticed it. It was, he thought, because she was happy here in this old house within sight and sound of the sea. Even his quickened senses did not discern the ring of recklessness in that light gaiety.

"Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." That was the thought that ran like a dark thread through the girl's thoughts; the old policy of a desperate woman who loves to her undoing. For so much self-enlightenment had come to Sylvia. Even now, if it were possible for her to tell Jack the truth, she would not do it. She would fight for that love to the end, fight with every weapon within reach of her desperate hands.

A week had passed since Stanhope Lane had taken up his residence at Greysdyke, and never once had he again shown by word or look or allusion that he knew or suspected anything. The name of Sir George Clair had never been mentioned again. Life at Greysdyke during this week had been the normal, slightly monotonous life of an English country house.

In the morning Hillier and his secretary walked together; the affairs of the estate were somewhat entangled, and required careful handling. In the afternoon he walked or drove with her. There had been one or two callers who had been admitted, and a vast number more whose well-meant attempts at welcome had proceeded no further than the leaving of cards to be buried in a huge bowl in the hall.

It was a lull in the battle for her fate—Sylvia knew that. With every day the forces about her were gathering up their powers. Soon—in two hours, "to be precise"—the truce would be ended. The oculist would have arrived. Valerie would play something. My nerves are like a demon of unrest in active possession. Be David to my Saul!

The urgency of his pleading was half playful, half real. It was so seldom that he spoke half on her to play. Sylvia loved music, and knew what a traitor it can be. She dreaded lest it might carry her away on its strong tide, reveal something of herself. Valerie had been a brilliant executant without a second. Now, Jack, when we're so delightfully comfortable in this half light!

They were sitting in the room that Sylvia had chosen for their sitting-room, partly because it was quaint and irregular in shape and less oppressively magnificent than the other apartments in the big house, partly because here, surrounded by the furniture she had rescued from various forgotten corners, she felt less of an interloper than in those other rooms that were permeated with the spirits of dead and gone honourable women who had borne the Hillier name.

It was a long and low and divided into two queerly-shaped rooms by a pillared arch. There were many flowers and great green branches and boughs of flowering trees and shrubs. In the further room, beyond the arch, was an old-fashioned spinet with a sweet, shrill tone.

"Yes, do as I ask you—just to please me." "You incorrigible coax." As she passed him she let her hand rest for a moment on his hair; he put up his own and drew her fingers against his cheek.

His love for this woman who was his wife, that in India had been ungovernable and untamed, like the fierce leaping of some mountain torrent, was deepening and widening every day in these new conditions of life together, cutting every day a deeper channel in his heart, where it ran swift and strong and sure, like a mighty river.

The twilight was falling, but no lights had been lit, and the room was a place of soft shadows, shot with the leap and play of the flames on the hearth.

She began to play. Slow, statelily music, Sarah-bands and Paven's, familiar music to that old-world spirit, whose notes sang out so sweetly and so bravely, peopling the world of Hillier's

(Continued on page 11.)

MACKINTOSH'S
WORLD RENOWNED
TOFFEES

CREAMY TOFFEE
ALLIES TOFFEE
GOLDEN PATS
TIPPERARY TOFFEE
CREAMY KLIXO
CREAMY BITS
EGG & MILK TOFFEE

MACKINTOSH'S
TOFFEE
de LUXE

WOOD & IRON BUILDINGS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION—
HOSPITALS, HUTS, WORK-
SHOPS, STABLES, MISSION
HALLS, MOTOR HALLS,
GREENHOUSES, POULTRY
APPLIANCES, &c. &c.
Send for Catalogue

W. COOPER, LTD.,
761, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

A Merry Christmas to You.

A merry Christmas to you all wherever you are, and if you are in the trenches or on the high seas looking after me and the rest of us at home, I wish you the best of luck and a speedy and safe return. May Christmas, 1915, find you all back at home victorious, with a long and lasting peace ahead of us.

The Yule Log.

In these days of gas-fires and steam 'heat' I fear the Yule log has fallen from favour. But if you still want to keep up the old customs, don't forget that you must burn your log to-night, and so long as it burns your servants are entitled to free ale with their meals.

Don't Let It Be Too Big.

That, at least, was the old usage, and in consequence the servants used to see to it that the Yule log was of the biggest size the fireplace would hold. Sometimes it was too big, and in the good old days many a country house was burnt down in the early hours of Christmas morning through the too violent conflagration of the Christmas log. And, by the way, don't forget the Yule log must be lighted each year with a brand kept from the log of last Christmas. It brings luck throughout the whole twelve months if you do this.

A Four-Year-Old's Help.

I have received a lot of charming little gifts, to be sent "to the soldiers," from children since the war began, but one that came yesterday was, I think, the most sincere of them all. It came from a little four-year-old girl, Dorothy Loverseed, and consisted of a bag, which she had made entirely by herself, and a

postal order for 2s. And with them came this letter, dictated by the little lady herself.

All Her Idea.

"Will you send the bag I have made to one of the soldiers?" she says, "and the money is to buy bread and butter with to put into his bag so he will not be hungry when he is fighting the nasty Germans." She sends me her photograph, too, "because she does not know me," and her mother tells me that the design, the idea and every bit of the work in the bag is the child's own effort. The postal order is from her money-box. I think this little girl has done very well indeed. Thank you, Dorothy.

What is Home Without a Carp?

Just as turkey and plum pudding make up the traditional fare of a proper British Christmas, so does the German insist on eating carp on Christmas Eve. I never was very fond of German cookery, but I should think that they are the very worst fish cooks in the world, and of all fish carp is one of the most insipid and sticky. Still, it is a German tradition, but this year it will not be carried out to the full. The carp are mainly hatched in some large fish farms in the neighbourhood of Berlin, but this year there is a scarcity of fish and men.

The Taxi Raiders.

The one outstanding sight in the Christmas shopping streets yesterday was the way in which nearly every available taxi was commandeered by our soldiers and sailors. They had evidently been hired for the definite purpose of sight-seeing, and scores of them in grandiose processions crawled slowly through the famous shopping centres, the occupants taking in the special attractions of the glittering windows with solid satisfaction.

The Grand Tour.

There were some very cheery parties in those taxis. Food had been taken on board as a precautionary measure, and lunches were eaten en route. Whenever an acquaintance on the pavement was spotted by anyone the cab was immediately stopped, there were introductions and greetings and reminiscences all round, and then the grand tour was resumed. Some of the cabs positively bulged with bags and parcels.

High and Mity.

A reader sends no reason why the Kaiser should not be pronounced "Kaser." Like a cheese, he remarks, the Kaiser is often high and mity.

The Royal Christmas Greeting.

The happy idea of sending a personal Christmas card to every one of our fighting heroes by the King and Queen is exclusively that of their Majesties, I am told. Both the King and Queen have taken great personal interest in seeing the idea carried into effect. The cards are sure to be treasured highly by the lucky recipients, for the royal greeting is in the King's own handwriting, and the cards are autographed by both him and the Queen.

Commander Holbrook's V.C.

And so the first naval V.C. of the war goes to Commander Holbrook. And if I may say so, I think few crosses have been better earned. In their commander the whole of the crew of the B11 are honoured, for they all shared the risk. But it was on the commander's word that the issue of their great adventure depended.

When the Decoration was Founded.

I was asked by a correspondent only the other day to say if the men of the Navy were eligible for the Cross. The King has answered that question. But for further information it is worth recalling the history of that coveted of decorations. The Victoria Cross was instituted in 1856 at the end of the Crimean war.

Civilians Have Won It.

Men of all ranks of both Services are eligible to receive it, and at first it was ordered to be given only for some signal act of valour or devotion to the country in the presence of the enemy. But there have been exceptions to the rule. Four civilians, several doctors and one clergyman have received the V.C.

Who They Were.

The civilians were Mr. James Dalton, Mr. W. F. McDonnell, Mr. R. L. Mangles and Mr. Thomas A. Kavanagh—Lucknow Kavanagh. The latter gained his at a fearful risk by passing disguised as a native soldier through the mutineers' lines from Lucknow in 1857 and communicating news of vital importance to Sir James Outram, leader of the relieving forces.

A Rorke's Drift Hero.

The Crosses won by Messrs. McDonnell and Mangles were also won in the Mutiny when, risking their lives, these two heroes helped a number of troops to escape from pursuing mutineers. Mr. Dalton won his Cross at Rorke's Drift, where, by holding off four Zulus, he saved a soldier's life.

All Cast from One Gun.

The Victoria Cross when worn by a sailor is suspended from a plain blue ribbon, when by a soldier from a plain red one. The Crosses are cast from a Russian gun taken at Sevastopol. They are of bronze, and the supply of metal is not likely to run out for some time. Victoria Crosses are not like Iron Crosses.

Those Manifestoists!

The manifestoists are at it again. I see above the signatures of a number of "illustrious British authors" in yesterday's papers a verbose and high-minded declaration addressed to Russian authors. It is all very nice and splendid, but why inflict it upon the innocent public, that has enough to worry it in the ordinary horrors of war? What earthly good do these public manifestoes do? Advertisement? Perhaps.

The Public Does Not Care a Bit.

I may be intolerant, but manifestoists have been so frequent recently that I, as a humble member of the public, do protest. They are so wasteful, it does not need a manifesto to convince the public that British authors have a kindly feeling for Russians. And I wonder just how many Russians have ever heard the names of some of the latest manifestoists? Wait in patience, manifestoists, there will be lots of time later on to bring your illustrious names before the public. At present it wants the war brought to a successful end, and it does not care two rows of pins about the lofty and obvious sentiments of illustrious authors.

No More Prophets.

For once the Kaiser has done the right thing. He has put his Imperial ban on prophets, fortune-tellers, crystal-gazers and others who pretend to foretell the future. They will, however, be permitted to resume the prophecy business after the war. Perhaps the Kaiser would much prefer for the sake of comfort that his liege subjects should not be told too soon what is likely to happen.

Such a To-Do.

A wounded "Tommy," who is just convalescent, was telling a friend of mine all about the charge in which he got his wound the other day. "Tommy" and his comrades had "gone at 'em" with the bayonet. The Germans didn't like it at all. "Do you know, miss," he said, "they squealed and wept so when we got among 'em, that we 'ardly liked to stick 'em, they was making such a to-do."

R. Hale as R. Crusoe.

I looked into the Alhambra on Tuesday night to see the new burlesque pantomime in the revue. Robert Hale, as the principal boy, Robinson Crusoe, is screamingly funny. He has acquired all the traditional tricks and mannerisms, not forgetting the figure, the diamond rings, the love locks and the wonderful smile of the old-fashioned pantomime hero.

Engaged by Wireless.

I had a little chat the other day with that brilliant artist, Miss Violet Loraine, who plays the principal part in "Business as Usual," the successful Hippodrome revue. Miss Loraine recalled the fact that last year she had the unique experience of being engaged as principal boy for pantomime by wireless when she was in mid-ocean.

Happy in Revue.

The offer, the reply and all the various details of the business agreement were settled by wireless while Miss Loraine was travelling back from Australia to England. I asked her if she was disappointed at not being in pantomime this year. No, she is quite contented at the Hippodrome, where she is the first Englishwoman to play the principal part in one of their revues.

599 Footballs Received.

Fifty-nine hundred footballs came in yesterday, and the total stands at 599. I hoped for 600 before Christmas; we shall get them. Thank you, very much. On Boxing Day I am going to start to worry you for the seventh hundred. Don't you think it would be splendid to complete a seventh hundred before the end of the year? Every one brings amusement for some fifty soldiers at home or abroad. Another hundred footballs would make a very welcome New Year present to the men in khaki. What do you think about it?

What Tommy Thinks.

This is what "Tommy" thinks. A private of the Scots Fusiliers, at Bristol, writes: "May I voice the feelings of my comrades of D Company in thanking you for the splendid football . . . We are longing for Saturday to come so we can test it." From Redhill a soldier on railway guard asks me to explain to the donor of the ball we sent him that he "cannot explain how the men appreciate such kindness, whom it helps to pass away the time to play at a game they love."

They Love Them.

From a Royal Engineers base in France I hear that "the boys of our place who were off duty were out early this morning testing their kicking and running powers. They were not long at their game before they were joined by others," and a match was instantly arranged. An Army Service Corps driver at the front writes his thanks, and mentions that nearly all the men of his company are London omnibus drivers. "We shall pass away many a happy hour with the ball," he adds.

Benson's Return.

I am glad to see that Mr. F. R. Benson is going to have another London season with "Henry V." He started with this patriotic play when he opened his ever-memorable season at the old Lyceum during the Boer War. The season was so successful that Mr. Benson lost all his company. The London managers picked them all up.

Old Associations Renewed.

Now Benson is opening at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and quite a lot of old Bensonians have returned to him again for the occasion. It will be quite like old times to see such artists as Lyall Swete, H. O. Nicholson and Harcourt Williams acting once more under the Benson banner. THE RAMBLER.



H.P. SAUCE

gives just the finishing touch to the Christmas dinner—

besides there will be cold meat to clear up afterwards, and just a few drops of H. P. Sauce make it simply delicious.

Wouldn't it be worth your while to get H. P. NOW?



MAKE THE MOST OF TO-DAY

SECURE YOUR FREE PRIZE

You can choose all your gifts in a few moments, and save money too, if you come straight to H. Samuel's now! His 70 shops are

TEEMING WITH XMAS TREASURES

There's an H. Samuel Shop near you, with thousands of beautiful and practical Gifts—everything you can think of, at next to Factory Prices, and with every purchase you get a handsome

FREE PRIZE!

Come and get yours to-day! Customers' Ball Extra Paid as usual.

WOOLWICH: 40, Powis Street.

STRAATFORD: 22, Broadway.

CROYDON: 16 North End.

PLYMOUTH: 11, George Street.

BRISTOL: 31, Wine Street.

SHEFFIELD: 43, High Street.

NORTHAMPTON: 2, Gold Street.

And in all principal towns.

CALL NOW!

There's no time to lose! Full month's trial allowed.

H. SAMUEL

Watchmaker to the Admiralty.

95-101, & 121, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

37% OFF

GOLD BRACELET WATCH.

Fine jewelled keyless movement, accurately timed. In Gold self-closing bracelet of latest design. For ladies or gentlemen.

MAN'S FRANTIC LEAP FROM WINDOW.

Widow and Son Burnt to Death in Tenement House Fire.

CHILDREN'S ESCAPE.

The desperate leap to death of a man from his bedroom into the street was an incident in a fire which broke out yesterday at a three-storied house in Gloucester-street, Theobalds-road, Bloomsbury, London.

Three lives were lost as a result of the fire and the victims were—

Mrs. Sophie Bangerten.
Ernest Bangerten, aged twenty.
William Lawrence, aged about thirty.
The house was tenanted by four or five families, the inmates including several little children.

JUMPED FROM TOP STORY.

The fire was discovered about 5.30 a.m. by a Mr. Durand, who lived with his wife and daughter on the floor below that occupied by the deceased persons.

The outbreak had apparently originated on the landing of the second floor and the flames spread with remarkable rapidity.

The occupants of the second floor managed to escape in their nightclothes just in time, but those above were cut off from escape by way of the stairs.

Mrs. Bangerten and her son were apparently suffocated in their beds, for their charred bodies were afterwards discovered.

Lawrence made a desperate attempt to escape from a top window. Just as the last of the other occupants rushed into the street the unfortunate man was seen at one of the top front windows.

Without waiting a second he threw down a pillow and jumped out of the window.

He fell some distance from where the pillow dropped, and crashing to the pavement sustained such terrible injuries that he died almost at once.

The two upper stories of the house, comprising seven rooms, were completely gutted.

Mr. and Mrs. Bangerten and Lawrence were the only occupants of the top floor, but in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Durand and their daughter the occupants of the floor below included Mrs. Earley and her three little daughters, who were aroused by Mr. Durand and assisted into the street.

All the occupants of the fire escaped, but lost practically all their belongings.

FATEFUL MINUTES.

Remarkable evidence was given at the inquest which was opened yesterday at Bromley (Kent) on the four victims of the shop fire—George Buckland, a greengrocer, and three of his six children.

The coroner remarked that one would hardly think that in the centre of an important town like Bromley, within a stone's throw of the fire brigade station, a fire of this nature, with four deaths, could possibly occur.

Arthur Parker, a postman, said that from the time he blew the whistle first it was about ten minutes before the fire brigade arrived.

The coroner: What you mean to say is, that although the screaming was going on for ten minutes no real attempt was made to get them out?—When an escape is within about 200 yards you would not expect to do much.

You consider there was an undue length of time on the part of the fire brigade?—I do.

You blame the fire brigade?—I do.

Superintendent Charles Dixon of the Fire Brigade, said he received the call at 5.44 a.m. The motor escape left in thirty seconds and the engine in forty seconds.

The coroner: That's pretty quick.

Mr. Stanley Hastings, borough surveyor, produced plans of the building, which, he said, was in accordance with the by-laws.

The coroner: It is an awful death-trap to be in the top of a house like that.

Witness: It is.

The inquest was adjourned till January 13.

GUARDING GERMAN PRISONERS IN FRANCE.



A group of German prisoners and their guards in the North of France. They all look very cheerful and even happy.

The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

imagination with a graceful crowd of posturing dancers.

He sat leaning forward, his head resting on his hand, his eyes turned towards the inner room, as though he could see the slim figure at the spinet, the clear lines of her profile cut against the red background of the freight.

The music had wrought in him an unusual mood. On the eve of what he believed to be an interview that was only a prelude to a more or less dangerous operation he felt something of the sentimentality of the sickroom envelope him.

He was aware presently that someone had entered the room very quietly and seen himself beside him was Lane. The slow tide of the music flowed on.

Sylvia was not aware that they were no longer alone.

"This is a rare treat for me," Hillier said in a low voice. "My wife very seldom plays. What an exquisite tone that old instrument has."

"Or the music is so admirably adapted to its tone?" Lane said. "Lady Hillier has true musician's instinct."

The sentimentalist in Hillier played him false. He began to speak of his wife. A solace of which he would never have been given by music under other conditions.

"All my wife's instincts are true and splendid," he said. "Lane, to think that for five years I have never seen her. I tell you, I'd give half the years of my life for a sight of her now, as she sits there, as I can see her in my heart, with those wonderful blue eyes of hers looking out into distances I can never fathom."

The sound of voices had penetrated to Sylvia's hearing at last. Over the top of the spinet she looked into the far end of the room and saw the two heads cut against the soft twilight of the uncurtained windows.

Words came to her.

"Lady Hillier has certainly very wonderful eyes, but—"

Her hands dropped on the keys with a concluding chord. She rose from the instrument and came forward into the room, switching on lights as she came.

"Why, I thought you were by yourself, Jack, drinking in my music, and I find you gossiping with Mr. Lane."

There was reproof in her tones. Both men rose hastily. Hillier with something of the expression of a man uncomfortably aware that he has been making something of an ass of himself; Stanhope Lane with a smile in his dark eyes, playing about the corners of his thin lips, that told her his own tale.

That uncompleted sentence told her all she needed to know. Stanhope Lane was in no doubt as to her identity. He was merely waiting his time to speak.

As they stood there in a slightly embarrassed silence, the door opened and a servant announced that Dr. Marazoff had arrived.

Lane went to his rooms at once, leaving Sylvia and her husband to go together to the library.

From the first moment that her hand lay in his Sylvia felt herself attracted to the Russian. He was a man of about fifty, tall and well built, with a great thatch of hair, already almost snow-white. It was in his eyes that his attraction and his power lay, the girl told herself—they were so bright and alert and luminous.

They talked for a while, then, as Sylvia spoke of his rooms and of the hour of dinner, the other details of a careful hostess, he put his hand on her shoulder and drew her a little aside.

"I can see that you are terribly nervous, Lady Hillier. Your anxiety is most natural. I think it is only right to tell you that I have the utmost confidence that the operation I propose to perform upon your husband will be a successful one. Of course, without a further examination one cannot speak with absolute certainty. But, unless I am very much mistaken, and I am not accustomed to that sensation," he added, laughingly, "in a little over a month I think I can promise you that Sir John will see as well as you or I."

There will be another long instalment on Boxing Day.

NEWS ITEMS.

Bullies—as Usual.

News of a fresh attack by the Germans on Angola (Portuguese West Africa) has been published, says Reuter, by the Portuguese Colonial Minister.

First Lord Inspects Land "Fleet."

A fleet of armed motor-cars, motor-cycles and Red Cross vehicles which are shortly going to the front were inspected yesterday on the Horse Guards-parade by Mr. Winston Churchill.

Earl Beauchamp in Motor Mishap.

Earl Beauchamp sustained severe shock and several bruises yesterday evening as the result of being violently thrown from his motor-car in a collision in the Bristol-road, Birmingham.

Gloomy Christmas for Kutukhtu.

According to news from Urga, says a Reuter Petrograd wire, the Palace of the Kutukhtu, High President of the Buddhist Mongols, was completely destroyed by fire on Tuesday night.

Some Good in Black Sheep.

A large advance instalment of the annual gift of money made by the sale of black fleeces has been received from Weber (New Zealand) by the Church Army for special Christmas food relief.

Running Short of Copper.

It is reported from Berlin, says a Central News Amsterdam message, that lack of copper is increasingly felt in industrial circles, and the scarcity is owing to the stoppage of all trade by Great Britain.

What the Unfit Can Do.

Every civilian unfit to enlist, says a letter from the Army Council to Lord Tennyson, Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Wight, can best serve his country by joining the Volunteer Training Corps.

Husband and Wife Killed by Express.

Waiting for a train at Blackwell, near Birmingham, yesterday, Walter Taylor, aged fifty, who had just been discharged from a sanatorium, fell from the platform in front of an express dragging with him his wife, who attempted to save him. Both were instantly killed.

Mr. Masterman and Swansea.

Mr. Masterman has replied, expressing appreciation of the invitation to become Liberal candidate for Swansea district, but asking that the matter be allowed to stand over the Christmas holidays, when he hopes to have an opportunity of discussing the matter with representatives of the division.

Wanted No Place in Father's Will.

In bequeathing his law library to his son Benjamin, the Right Hon. Arthur Cohen, K.C., who left estate valued at £25,000, stated that he desired expressly to acknowledge this son's generosity in desiring to be left out of the will to the benefit of his brothers and sisters, in view of the fact that he had been provided for by his Uncle Nathaniel and from other sources.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

There was a big improvement in the sport for the concluding stages of the Hurst Park meeting yesterday, but, unfortunately for visitors, a thick mist overhung the course and prevented the colours being distinguished until the horses were close home. Most of the winners were soundly supported, but the only actual favourite to score was the odds on chance Dalmaspical, who had a very easy task in the Priory Steeplechase.

HURST PARK RETURNS.

1.0.—Surlinton Hurdle. 11m.—Pankattan (4-1, Dunn), 1; Northvale (3-1), 2; Augury (7-2), 3. 9 ran.
1.30.—Priory Chase. 2m.—Dalmaspical (4-6, A. Aylin), 1; Les Ormes (8-2), 2. 4 ran.
2.0.—Mole Hurdle. 2m.—Saucenon (100-50, A. Escott), 1; Mickey Free (6-1), 2; Fox Stop (6-2), 3. 9 ran.
2.30.—Molesey Chase. 2m.—Blondette (4-1, Lyall), 1; Lord Rivers (13-8), 2; Distaff (6-1), 3. 7 ran.
3.0.—Hampton Chase. 2m.—Cosham (7-1, Watto), 1; Ballinacross (8-2), 2; Noah (11-10), 3. 5 ran.
3.30.—Surrey Hurdle. 11m.—Sergeant (6-1, Piggott), 1; The Bore (6-1), 2; Son of Melton (10-1), 3. 12 ran.

"Everything but the meat."

EVERY DISH prepared with Bisto tastes good, is good, and does you good. Get a tin to-day, and see how Bisto helps you to save.

BISTO
The Gravy Maker.

All Grocers. Tins 6½d., 3½d. Packets 1d.

Eat Well: Sleep Well
Feel Well: Look Well

A few Carter's Little Liver Pills will make the old feel young and the young feel younger. They speedily overcome the most obstinate constipation and compel the liver to work willingly and properly. Avoid harsh cathartics and for your health's sake stick to this old, tried and true remedy. Purely vegetable. Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature

Brentford

SECONDHAND FURNITURE.

CARPETS, PIANOS, etc. Modern and Antique. STOCK OF WEST END ANTIQUE DEALER NOW ON SALE AT OUR DEPOSITORIES REGARDLESS OF COST.

£300,000 STOCK TO BE REALISED. Rare opportunity for trade and private buyers. Taxicab fares refunded. Railway fares allowed up to 100 miles on orders of £30 or upwards. 250 BEDROOM SUITES complete, in walnut, mahogany, Chippendale, Sheraton, ash, oak, etc., ranging from 3 guineas to 110 guineas.

OVER 600 BEDSTEADS, complete, of every style, ranging from 31s. upwards. DINING-ROOM FURNITURE of every character, Adams, Chippendale, Queen Anne, Jacobean, Hepplewhite, etc. Suites complete, ranging from 4 guineas upwards.

FINE COLLECTION OF CRYSTAL GLASS. DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE of every period, at absolutely low prices.

COLLECTION OF TAILBOYS, antique chests, secretaries, old Sheffield plate, etc. etc. etc. Very fine sets of OLD DUTCH FURNITURE.

PIANOS, over 40 to clear, by eminent makers, from 7 guineas upwards.

10th BILLIARD TABLE and ACCESSORIES, by Geo. Wright and Co., accept, complete, 260s., exceptional bargain.

12,000 CARPETS—Morocco, Turkey, Malabar, Aubusson, Armentier, Wilton, Tapestry, Brussels, and all at squares, from 7s. 6d. to 300s. There is only a rough outline of a few of the goods we have for sale. Every possible description of French furniture, gilt suits, cabinets, etc.

CURZON'S

FURNITURE AND CARPET DEPOSITORIES, 272, PENTONVILLE-ROAD, KING'S CROSS, N. Goods selected will be stored free by us until required. Orders packed free for country and sent carriage free anywhere in England. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. NOW READY.

'baby never seen a doctor.'

Mrs. J. T. Hilton Palmer, "Oakville," Peterboro' Road, Leyton, writes:

"I enclose a photograph of my little daughter, as a testimonial to your famous 'Gripe Water.' She was two years of age last Monday, but never seen a doctor, and we have never had a bad night. She was given Gripe Water from birth, and at twelve months commenced to walk for it regularly. Everyone says what a tall, well-built child she is, and this you can confirm from the photograph. But it is Woodward's Gripe Water that has done it. We shall recommend it wherever possible. I have now another baby, and she too will be reared on Woodward's Gripe Water."

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

A perfectly safe and sure remedy, containing no preparation of Morphine, Opium or other harmful drug, and having behind it a long record of Medical approval.

Of all Chemists & Stores, price 1s. 1½d.

BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS.

Registered Trade Mark: "GRIPE WATER."

Make your Breakfast MORE Delicious.

Two or three spoonfuls of "Pride of Canada" Maple Syrup will vastly improve your morning meal. It is delicious, and is made from the purest maple sap of the Canadian Sugar Maple Tree, and you will simply love it.

"Pride of Canada" MAPLE SYRUP

At all the leading stores. GLASS JARS. If your Grocer or Confectioner does not keep it, write us for FREE 8d. and 1/- stamps to cover postage and packing. THE CANADIAN MAPLE PRODUCTS CO., Ltd., 1, Euclid Street, London, W.C.

Big and Little Willies' Christmas Dinner: Cartoon

"ALICE IN WONDER-
LAND": A Child's Play
to Make Us Young: Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

ANOTHER London Fire
Tragedy: Mother and Son
Burned to Death: Picture.

LOOKING AND LONGING.

4393



Nothing is more pathetic at this time of the year than to see the poor children looking at the Christmas toys displayed in shop windows.

THE WORST OF FOES ARE FRIENDLY SOMETIMES.

44909



The Russian and Austrian troops when they meet on "peace footing" make the best of friends. In this photograph, taken at Lemberg, the Russian soldiers are seen wrestling with the Austrian prisoners. It will be noticed the Russians have gained a fall in at least one bout.

WHERE THE ENGLISH DEAD ARE SLEEPING IN BOULOGNE CEMETERY.

44903 D



This photograph shows the English cemetery at Boulogne, where 523 English soldiers, who died bravely in battle, are buried. In the early mornings many pious French girls come here to put fresh flowers on the graves of these brave Englishmen who have died in a foreign country for a sacred cause. Note the Union Jack flying over the cemetery.

All "The Daily Mirror" war photographs are the copyright in the United States of America and Canada of the "New York Times."

FELL IN ACTION.

P. 16310



Lance-Corporal Llewellyn, seventeen years of age, who has been killed in action trying to save an officer.

RUGBY PLAYER.

P. 16310



Lieutenant F. E. Oakley, the English international Rugby football player, has been killed in action.